

Robert and I ascended the stairs and I knocked on the door which contained the door to the room. I came away from a still, silent room and stood for a few minutes, saying "I'm not here," Robert said. I went in. It was fair to say that you will watch. Come in as early as you can in the morning." He waved aside her assistance that she did not need rest and went to the door.

Together, we stood looking down at the girl beneath the sickened coverlet. Marie had taken down the sleeper's head and she was lying down. I thought her somewhat of a child. I told the girl undoubtedly was—with a dry nose, and a mouth extremely dry. Her complexion was that of a young, healthy woman. I had anemia there. The slender, ringless hands lay folded over the coverlet, expressive of contented rest.

"It's incredible," said

"It's damnable!" said Richard He-

J AMES COTTON had so many degrees from universities and learned societies that he insisted on being called "Mr. Cotton." His words were more precious than the finest gold, and, being without alloy, were just as soft. He was so great a savant that he had no need to clear his throat, say "Hum!" and look like an owl. Yet his decrees were final in the United States; although there were two other men in the world—one in Berlin, another in Paris—to whom he would recommend dissatisfied patients who had no consideration for cost.

"When Colton doesn't understand?" I asked weakly.

"He turned to me a face full of little wrath. Perhaps he was beginning to realize that he was out of his depth, that evanescent cleverness and deceptions were of little use in some situations."

"Why," I said, bitterly, "we know nothing—nothing! It's all for nothing—everything we've done. Those devils have!"

An electric bell jarred sharply below.

"I hope that's coincidence," I remarked, after I had got my breath.

"You and your occult!" he sneered fiercely.

The bell rang again.

"Give me your revolver," I said, suddenly making up my mind. "I'll

"You!" His contempt stung me.
"That's the reason," I said. "You're
the valuable one. I'm not. If you
hear me whistle, bar the door, and
telephone for the police. Under-
stand?"

He concurred reluctantly, and
slipped the little automatic pistol into
my hand.

"A third ring occurred."

"I must say, that's pretty decent of
you—going down. But why answer it
at all?"

"Nothing's better than not under-
standing, I suppose," I replied, using
the expression that had become a
catch phrase with us since this af-
fair began.

"Don't get hurt, Jake," he said,
moved, and gripped my shoulder af-
fectionately.

"Thank you," I replied, in a husky
tone. "Look out for yourself, Dick."

He remained by the door. Hughes,
pajamas under an overcoat, was slipping
down from the servants' floor above
showed the frightened face of
Marie.

"Go to bed," I directed them. "It's
all over."

I waited for them to reascend; then,
as the bell rang for the fourth time,
I snapped on the hall lights and
opened the door. The admitted the

We stared steadily at each other. He saw that I held the automatic pistol in my hand, and nodded comprehendingly. Deliberately, I tried to pucker my lips; it was not an immediate success, and when the sound did come it lacked volume.

However, I knew that it had reached Regent; for from above came the distinct sound of a door shutting. By drawing the curtains of my window I could also delude myself into believing that I heard a telephone receiver click.

CHAPTER VIII.

We Lose.

THE more I looked at the Haven, the more I wondered at his unconcerned attitude. The fact that, at nearly 3 o'clock in the morning, he

"Oh, come, Cotton," said Richard, "don't be so touchy. You don't mean to be so easily puzzled."

"Puzzled?" retorted Mr. Cotton. "No, I'm not puzzled. I'm stumped! I don't know anything! The girl's asleep—she's fast asleep. No evidence of drugs or opium, no stiffening, no abnormal relaxation. Just sleep—ordinary sleep. And I can't wake her up—I can't."

"I'll knock on the ceiling, as if it were the only thing in the world that really understood his fatality. Silently, I placed before him the scientific explanation of the thing, and the green liquid—the ardeles which I had purloined from the shelf above the bed in the Lilliput lady's cell."

"But she's asleep," he murmured, after he had finished both and was looking enquiringly in me "that her condition was brought about by this stuff."

"I'll bet she seems to be dancing before him, and he lost faith in the ceiling's infallibility. He got up."

"Hullo," he said, "laboratory, laboratory, laboratory!" and he came out and stood at the door, as if he were about to say that we had to run the show.

"What a sort of young lady!"

"She's a girl," he replied, and stered down to the sulky schmalz, uttered by the same impulse, both

THE more I looked at the Raven, the more I wondered at his unconcerned attitude. The fact that, at nearly 3 o'clock in the morning, he was ringing up people who disliked him—people who could hand him over to the police by mere telephoning, as I was sure Regent was now doing—and that he entered with all the boredom of a social lion who came to a public dinner against his will, evoked more than ever the feeling within me that he and his were irresistible, and that he looked on me much as I should consider a snapping dog.

I sought refuge in rudeness. "What in hell do you want?" I demanded.

"Sorry to disturb you," he said, with no more feeling than a dentist inflicting horrible pain, and betraying hypocritical solicitude. "But that young woman will have to come back, Mr. Wintera."

He was not posing. He was speaking naturally and voicing what he evidently considered to be a conservative statement.

"What young woman?" I asked an-

"The young woman you and Mr. W. Bogert took from No. 1 Sandway Street, in a very unbecoming and unbusinesslike manner," I've thought Mr. Bogert had gone down to Long Island for the night. Otherwise we would have known he had been here. He has been indiscreet. It may result seriously for you both. Although that depends on how you conduct yourselves henceforth."

"We are going to school to you!" I asked, infuriated.

"It may be necessary for you to do so yet," he replied, seriously. "Come, Mr. Bogert and I have a great deal to say that young woman said go back within the next hour. Believe me, we do not wish to do either you or Mr. Bogert a harm. Please do not fret."

"Now, you listen to me!" I said.

"When you came in I whistled. That was the signal for Mr. Bogert to telephone the police. He has, no doubt, already done so. As for you and your accomplice, you'll find out where going to do the daring—no, no, Mr. James."

"James Cotton?" he asked, with respect—the first note that voice had ever struck outside purely detached unfeelingness.

"Yes, James Cotton," I gloated.

"He's seen the young woman, and I

"Come to the telephone. The police won't pay attention to me. They say I'm drunk, or crazy. I want you to talk to them."

By this time I was like a man clinging to a log in a stormy sea, with other survivors of a wreck continually trying to immerse him. Into the room I went, and grabbed up the telephone receiver, jamming it down half a dozen times.

"Well—well—well! What number?" asked a fretful female voice. Parent supplied it; I transmitted the information, with an adjuration for haste.

"Now, then," a man's voice entered; "who are you, and what do

"I want to speak to the chief of police."

"He is greeted with a kindly laugh, which aroused me to desperation."

"Come, here, Lieutenant, sergeant, or whatever you are. This is no joke. I'm a respectable citizen, and I demand police protection. I'm a householder. I have a family. I'm sure there'll be an investigation that'll set you on your ear, if you don't give me protection."

"That's the word; you send two policemen around here, in the biggest hurry you ever sent anybody in."

"I told them the address, and was again treated to a superior chuckle."

"Thought it was you. That kind of fake telephone message don't work, but I'll tell you this, you're a fellow that doesn't matter. If you want policemen, you come around here and get them. I'll be glad to see you in your own precinct, if you don't hurry. We've had enough of those

"I did not come. I let him go. Myself, I sat down beside the bed and put two ice-cold hands to a throbbing forehead. Lifting my eyes presently,

Gradually I quieted down as I watched her. This girl must be protected, and protection was best given by my comrades. The mystery being solved, the second mission of the people chose to surround themselves with the trappings of a melodrama. The girl, who had been so practically matter-of-fact, was suddenly matter-of-fact was that we had brought this girl to safety, and that we had no other will to keep her there. Those who had been so kind at her face did me a great amount of good. I rose, a man prepared for his final hour.

I needed to lie. At the bottom of the stair stood Richard Regent, staring at nothing in particular.

After looking about me, entering the dining and drawing-rooms, and calling out to the waiting-maid, I turned to unlock the door of the reception room, which I had locked the Haven.

The door stood ajar.

I stepped forward for me to capture up the face of the sleeping girl before I had the courage to push it

He had worked himself into a fury, and was dancing about the hall in a frenzy—now and then coming out! Why should he? That is as it should be. What should it mean to you, this symbol? But to me—ah! you, this meddling in something that does not concern you—and Regent, with his superficial, monkey-cleverness. Trying locks open, getting into the room, trying to wonder I couldn't discover why the young woman slept—small wonder! But with the story, you meddler! You, a man, might feel handsomen with father's strong hands and a set of street ruffians in attacking him. But, before I could answer with the indignation which the occasion called for, Regent heard Regent's voice on the landing above. "Jakes! Jake!"

"Yes, Dick. Don't bother me," I answered. "Go in, and shut the door."

But I heard his feet on the landing, and now he appeared at the head of the stairs.

"Come here, I tell you! Come here! I have you got that man safe!"

"For the present, yes," I replied, not answering.

"That's all right, that's all right. He was still to come from one of his best friends."

"Well, come here for a moment. There is a man in the reception room. Get 'em up in the reception room. Get 'em up in the reception room. Get 'em up in the reception room."

"But Regent was too worried to do that. That's what Mr. Cotton's presence usually does. Just a minute or two, and he'll be back."

"What do you want?"

"What do you want?"

"What do you want?"

Gradually I quieted down as I watched her. This girl must be protected, and protection was best given by my comrades. The mystery being solved, a second group of twelve people chose to surround themselves with the trappings of a melodrama. They were to play the part of a family. I mattered was that we had brought this girl to safety, and that we had given all our wits to keep her there. Those who were to play the part of her father did me a great amount of good. I rose, a man prepared for his final hour.

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"I was on the electric lights, and I was supposed to be guessed to tell me what he would do. My guess was correct in my surprise. The reception room was empty; I stepped from the hall into the room, and I saw a man in a frock coat in my hand. The street was deserted. For the first time in my life I gave Kienast Regent an order, and the man bowed and disappeared without a question. 'Go into the garage and see if you can't find Schmalz,' I said.

"It was him just about two minutes to discover that Schmalz was not in the garage, or in his sleeping quarters above it.

"The coachman's name, I suppose," I asked dully.

"It's not there," he replied, in the same tone.

"I was not enough for Cotton to betray us, to decamp with our money, and leave us in our time of need! He must convey our prisoner to the residence of his own master, even to the residence of his own father, even to the residence of his own chauffeur! Of course, Schmalz had returned with Mr. Cotton, and it was natural that, Regent having placed in Schmalz's hands the keys of the carriage, the chauffeur would convey the important man, and any companion, wherever Cotton manifested a wish to be taken."

"Now, Dick," said I, after I had managed to remember that the more complicated affairs grew, the more I was able to remember, "you have given me a steady brain; you have given me something that you've simply got to keep good. There's no more in standing and raving, and I have resigned; it won't do any good. I'll be the result of your assistance to the little lady up stairs, we've got to do some brain work. And more than either of us



A BLOW FROM REGENTS
FIST DROVE THE
TALLER MAN INTO
THE GLASS PANED DOOR

handcuffs made that will hold him; there isn't a jail he couldn't break out of, not even a penitentiary, if he wanted to."

"Is that so?" ejaculated the taller man. He had evidently made up his mind to humor my wild statement.

"Then, gentlemen, your friend will break away from those."

As he spoke, the six-foot fastener made his living by getting rid of them. Both officers looked triumphant.

"Come along, now, you two. Don't you make any trouble!" said the taller man, and opened the door.

A sergeant stepped in.

"We've got 'em, sir!" said the six-footer, and saluted.

A short-cut-up wrath broke loose. We released the prisoners with every curse known to Americans; but, seeing that our auditors remained impassive, I managed to calm myself

"What does this foolishness mean?" Perhaps we had impressed the sergeant by our command of descriptive Spanish at any rate, he condescended to explain.

"We have our orders," he said tersely. "If you'll glance over that, I think you'll find it correct."

He had taken from his inside pocket a printed form which, on being unfolded, seemed to have had its blanks filled in by some one in a desperate hurry. It was a warrant calling for the arrest of Richard Regent and

As we raised our heads from the document I knew what Regent was going to do. He wasted no time. The handcuffs dropped suddenly at the policeman's feet and a blow from Regent's clenched fist drove the taller man into the glass-paned door, the upper part of his body toppling backward, not in sacred glass. Regent stooped and caught his feet and the man's heels went up. There followed a heavy thud in the vestibule. The other men had drawn revolvers. Manacled as I was I threw my body against them, and the sergeant caught me in a savage grip. This

We disclosed our identities. "I'm sorry to hear that you're so much trouble," I repeated, since he had not seemed to hear me at first. "But the fact is, your prisoner escaped. We thought you would like this house for the remainder of the night."

"What are you going to do with that pistol?" asked the taller police officer.

"I changed my mind," I answered, "I changed to one that was wheedling, as though he were addressing a child. Let's have a look at it," he intreated.

"Let him have it," I answered calmly, and he took it from my pocket.

"We'll do him one shooting that's necessary. Look at these!" He displayed a pair of nickel-plated hand-

"Yes, you may need them," I agreed.

"They're not much good, I'm afraid," he said, and then, "I'm afraid they wouldn't do much harm. Would you mind pointing them on?"

"If you like," I laughed, and thought of the many times that I had seen the police officers shoot at the principals of the gang who stood moodily beside me.

The taller man snatched them on. I made a show of relaxing myself, but my hands remained prisoners.

"They're good enough to hold me," I assured him, stretching out my wrists. "I'm released." And so I was, though they're still strong as the average prisoner. But they couldn't stop Mr. Rogers, over there, for a moment.

"All right," said the big man, and he and I went down.

"Mr. Rogers," said Rogers, forgetting the fact that I bore the professional name of a lawyer, "I'm glad to see you."

"What?" I burst out, staring at their stupid faces. "Don't you know

handcuffs made that will hold him; there isn't a jail he couldn't break out of, not even a penitentiary, if he wanted to."

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Disposed of him for the moment, and Regent grappled with the six-footer. The policeman's size and strength were no match for the six-footer's muscles of a man like Regent. Down he went on his head and up jumped Regent, with his antagonist's big revolver in his hand.

But his success was momentary. Out of the darkness at the back of the hall sprang a Bruer, sponge in hand. The Bruer clanked on Regent's heels, and he fell under his blows. The revolver went off in air. The policeman who had been tumbling into the vestibule tore open the door and fled.

Under his services were unnecessary, the sponge had done its work.

Now I saw that the man with the beard was no other than the Bruer. He looked down at Regent's relaxed body, nodded to the policeman and walked out of the house.

He came back in the house followed by the sergeant. The two policemen followed, carrying Regent. At the corner a motor car waited. It conveyed the three to the night club. So it was where I was told to alight and the sergeant led me into a house which I knew for that of the Mayor of New Orleans.

Somewhat Regent had been restored to consciousness, and by the time I reached him, comfortably seated in a chair, he was able to talk. He was guarded by two guards. He was untroubled by words, pale and silent.

"Well take off the handcuffs, first," he said, "and then I will tell you my business, and it will make trouble for you in this house. Otherwise—"

"Remove them nothing," scowled the sergeant. "But you must go through the farce of handcuffing him again."

NEXT WEEK'S COMPLETE NOVEL IN THE EVENING WORLD
THE DRUMS OF WAR
By H. de Vere Stacpoole

surprisingly, that well-bred man to give me a warning if you start to work to any sinister scheme this evening, Mr. Starvo?

"I am sure, William, he addressed me a suitable remark. I had seen the pig give him often not to know his face. I could imagine, when shown, I would find he had altered himself recently and in that, I had to be content."

At the moment he said, Lady, began to open her eyes and I saw a

"I wondered if he thought that the little lady had arisen from her bed naked if newly, and then hidden in the closet. Well, then, we all have our secrets where our brains are hidden."

"Better take off these handcuffs," he suggested, nodding toward me. "I won't promise not to raise a row. Mr. Mayor?"

"Take 'em off, anyhow," said the Mayor, testily. "And stand outside the door. If I strain this gear, be ready."

"Come in, Mr. Cotton," he said, further, and in came the traitor, who had the assurance to nod cheerily to us both, disregarding our unconcealed hostility.

"Better have the policemen out, George," he suggested.

The three constables withdrew at

The Mayor's glance, taking my hand-
cuffs with them. When the door
closed behind them, the Mayor picked
up a bottle of gin and tonic, and an-
other siphon, a bottle of Scotch
bottle of rum, and a silver box with
glass top, divided into two compart-
ments, holding cigars, the other
cigarettes.

"Drink up, and light up," he sug-
gested. "I am a gentle smoker, and
I don't smoke a cigar without a drink
along." Surely you will not disre-
gard the etiquette of a toast. Say
when."

"Thank you," responded promptly, as
the whiskey bottle filled the glass. "Say
not an another, thank you."

"I dare say you need it," approved
the Mayor, as he filled the fiery
stuff.

"None for me, Oh, well—when?"

The Mayor proffered the silver box,
and I took a cigar, and lit it.

"It appears, from your friend
Mr. Cotton's statement, that you gen-
tlemen have a harmless attack of hal-
lucinations. I have been reading too
many novels about
Cesar Borgia and Gato Giannazzo,
and have grown to imagine that a
man can be a traitor and a scoundrel
in a certain place in New York.

[illegible]

"Is it possible," I asked, trying to speak quietly, "that you are in league with these people—that they have you in their hands?"

"Winters," broke in Cotton, "the Mayor is acting at my request. I will have you warmly welcomed to come down and explain to our... didn't care to hurt Regent's professional reputation. Can you understand?"

"You?" I spluttered. "You dare to say we are insane—you, who couldn't tell why that girl was sleeping?"

"What girl?" he asked simply.

"Diana you!" frothed Regent, getting up.

"What girl?" he asked again.

Regent sank back into his chair.

"The girl who was with you," he said, addressing the Mayor. "If you will be good enough to come around to Mr. Regent's house, in Greenwich, and see her, I will be glad to see you, and then, if you will bring in a physician who will manage to awaken her, I shall be grateful."

"I will do it," said the Mayor arising. "If you will give me your word to attempt no violence, should I come to the house, and to return here or to be sent elsewhere?"

"I assured him as to this, and Regent confirmed me. We descended the stairs to the street, and the Mayor slipped into a greatcoat and a soft hat, which he pulled down over his eyes.

The motor car was a large one; but, with seven people to carry, it was crowded. The prospect of getting to the hospital in a few minutes, and the elements dismissed all thought of discomfort from my mind, however; and

talk on affairs of the day with an interest which I hoped was dattering.

We reached our street, cold and desolate under a leaden moon. Our house was dark. Regent opened the front door and that of the vestibule, snapping on the hall lights. The broken glass had been removed, and the door closed behind us.

"If you will come upstairs, gentlemen," suggested Regent.

We led the way, and were followed by Regent and the Mayor, the policemen remaining below. Regent snapped on the lights at the second landing, and paused.

"It may be better to have the 'milk-woman' go into the room first," he suggested, and sped off to the top floor to fetch Maria. We waited for some time before he returned, we could hear the door opening and shutting doors above, and calling for Marie and Hughes. He came down, his face troubled.

"Marie and Hughes are gone," he said. "Well, 'n' they're not up there? Well, we'll chance it."

He knocked on the door of the room which the Lilas Lady had occupied, and called for Maria. Then he reached inside, and turned on the light, irradiating a pink-and-green room.

"Is this the room?" asked the Mayor.

Regent turned to me in a puzzled sort of way. "This surely is the room, Judge."

"Yes," I replied grimly.

"Well," He was staring at the empty bed. "Well, then—'Jake!'"

"That's the room," I said, as though I had never seen any one; there was no sign that any one had

CHAPTER X.
By Special License.

I DISLIKE those harrowing portions of a story in which the intimate feelings of the characters are revealed with reference to some disaster. Therefore, I pass lightly over the two days that elapsed between the first disappearance of the *Illus* Lady and the afternoon when the Haven winged its way back to us of Greenwich.

Believing that we were better ab-

"Get out!" I ordered him, putting my hand to my head.

show, I managed to make an attempt to get a better idea of the situation of the servants' sleeping rooms disclosed that, not only had the servants been taken down to 17, but their luggage was sent. A visit to the garage showed that Schmitt had evidently cleaned and oiled the car, and was showing the example of Jasper Hughes and Marie Thomas. His quarters, above the garage, were considered all his personal belongings.

Not one of these three worthies have any of the things which are so dear to the heart of the average citizen, and, in the absence of them, however, I do not speak of recent knowledge, for I am aware of the arguments that were used to the effect that the things were not there.

I called off the dinner party for that night and busied my mind, as usual, with the thought of the employment agencies in the hope of releasing our domestics satisfactorily.

After the dinner, he kept to his room, and I did not go in to see him the next day. A man from Ashford's office called with the deed of sale for Nuneaton, and I signed it.

only answered, through his bedroom door, that he would see no one. The second day brought Mr. James Cotton to the house.

It is needless to say that my part of the interview was dry. Mr. Cotton seemed to take my attitude for granted, wasting no time in urging me to forget and forgive. He merely suggested that it would be better for all persons concerned if I would yield to his proposal and advise Regent to sell the house and advise King to leave the country.

When I followed his suggestion through the medium of a door slave Regent suggested that I should enter

"I'm not going to sell that house," said Regent, "because I want to live in it." It was Cotton downstairs.

"Learning that he was, he had no request the eminent man to come up," said Regent, "and he was not going into any discussion of your motives in throwing us down the way you did. I assume that, in some way you are for the abolition of slavery. We'll leave it at that; a man gets a small chance, with the police, to get a momentary intimidated by you occasionally, but the people—whatever they are—urging me to sell a piece of property that most of the world would consider a nuisance, I don't see how I can give you an answer to make to that. I'll sell the property when that young lady is restored to this house. And no Regent."

"Let Mr. Cotton—a little sadly, I thought, 'you think me a nuisance, don't you?'"

"Regent" rolled his shoulders. "Not after I didn't go to Mattewan," he replied. "That's what I suppose I should have said. I don't know the fear of God into me."

too, I suppose. But that's the message you can give them. They can't leave home from living in my own house, you know."

Mr. Cotton leaned over, "Regent," he said, his tone fatherly, "if I were I'd forget about that woman. It would be best if you did."

There was a certain whimsical smile about Regent's face when he asked Mr. Cotton if he were acquainted with all the diseases.

"Well, I hope so," returned Cotton, somewhat puzzled at the turn the conversation had taken. "But—"

"Holding over," pursued Regent softly.

"You—"

"What is love? You don't know? Of course not. That's why be surprised when I say I'm in love with a woman I've never spoken to, even? But I am!"

Blackock said Mr. Cotton's attempt to begin another sentence.

"Do you mind going, Cotton? And you tell them too. Thanka, yes, really I want to go."

At the first door, Cotton paused—"if he persists"—His eyes reflected a certain consideration and pity.

To Be Continued)

GO AWAY FOR THE SUMMER? Remember The Evening World prints each week a complete up-to-date novel—a week's reading! Have The Evening World sent to your summer address.